Abilities

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Abilities

By jordanpop678

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Chapter 1

My 'fiance', his hot brother, and the man who's trying to kill me...no biggie 1&2

Abilities

Chapter: one

"Do you have everything," my dad asked as I hopped out of Lucky the rusty old truck I've seen for 16 and a half years. Around the time I turned 13 I figured out why he called it that. "Yeah, I think I've got everything. Love you, Dad, bye." "See-ya kiddo." I closed the door and walked towards my school. Dads, do they always have to have some pet name for their kids? As I walked to the school stairs, my eyes wandered around. My school was exactly as they say high school is in movies. We had, if you say a "food

chain". Of course, at the bottom, there were the mathletes, then the skater boys, next, the drama club dorks, after that, the average people that no one really paid attention to, and at the top, no doubt the populars. I'd say I was with the average kids. That's exactly where I want to be. Not too geeky, not too pop-. "Hey baby, you looking good today. Wanna go out? Ya betta say yes before I change my mind." "Go away Darren. I'd never say yes to you. I don't date guys that can't remember their own phone number. That was so mean, I hurt my own feelings." Turning lightly on my heel I walked off. At least, I tried to walk off, until someone grabbed me from the side. "Darren, let go of my arm, you're hurting me!" "Not until I get what I want." "And what is it that you want because I can tell you right now you're not going to get it." "Says you, bitch." Pulling me against him, Darren practically sucked my face with his lips. When I finally caught up with what was happening, I tried to run, but Darren, being the football player that he is, held me tighter. It was when he started feeling my butt and I felt a bulge by his zipper, that I stopped resisting. Instead, I opened my lips and

welcomed his snake of a tongue. Of course, he gladly did as he was welcome to do. When I felt his tongue on mine, I held his face and did as I planned. I bit his tongue as hard as I could. When I tasted the blood from his mouth, I smiled proudly. "Shit, man! Why the hell did you do that?" "Just think of it as my way of saying no...OFFICIALLY." Backing up I noticed the crowd that was watching Darren suck my lips. None of them knew why he was screaming at me or why I was just grinning back at him. Trust me if Darren hadn't shouted it at his friend when he asked what happened, I would have kept it a secret. "She bite my tongue, man!" I would have kept it a secret at his expense because as soon as the words that his mouth, his bloody mouth at that, the crowd burst into laughter. Using this as a chance to get away, I crept away from crowd and towards school. Again, someone pulled me to the side by my arm. I felt freshly manicured nails digging into my arm as I was pulled behind a nearby tree. "What the h-" "Listen to me Alex. If you ever kiss, no, if you ever talk to my boyfriend again, I'll have the nasty tongue of yours shoved down your throat instead of Darrens'. Got it?"

Ugh, it was Darren's, "girlfriend" Belinda. It's obvious that he's cheating on her with almost every girl in school, but being the low life she is, she refuses to see that to stay with him. It's pathetic, I know. "Okay, first of all, you need to tell your cheating little boyfriend to stay away from ME because-" I would have completed the sentence if it had not been for her hand across me cheek. The hand that's going to get her ass beat. "Don't you ever call my boyfriend a cheater!" she said wailing on me now. I was calm, cool, and collected. What she didn't know was that the more fiercely you start fitting the quicker you run out of breath. After she was finished, she stood there staring at me with wide eyes. She noticed not once did I flinch at her hits. I took it like a man, and now I was going to beat her like one. I took my elastic off my arm and tied my hair with it. I was furious, but I didn't let it show. I took her ponytail, which unlike mine, was not tied up. I yanked it and threw her to the ground on her stomach. Now, it was my turn to wail on her! I punched her back while sitting on top of her so she couldn't break free. I picked my places to hit her carefully; if there were any marks to her

face or arms I wouldn't be able to tell the principal she jumped me and beat me up. Because someone walking past us distracted me, I gave her the chance to turn over punch me in the face. Now, I was past angry, and beyond furious, I wanted to kill her. Without thinking, I punched her right in the center of her forehead. This unfortunately made her black out. It's a good thing for her if I say so. If I had not been so worried about getting in trouble, I would have gone far enough to send her to the hospital. Looking at her passed out, I could see that I sent my fist a little bit under her forehead. It looked as if I broke the oversized bump she had at the beginning of her nose, in direction from her forehead. Man, how am I going to get away with this now? I should just pretend to black out and when the nurse brings us back to her office, I'll pretend to wake up as if I didn't know what happened. I'll say, "I don't remember getting attacked, but I do remember that Belinda and I were talking, when all of a sudden a wolf sprung out from behind the bushes. No, it'll never work. Belinda will say I hit her first. As the bell rang, I tried to walk into the

school crowd. I would have made it too, if it hadn't been for those meddling kids and their loud mouths!

Chapter: two

"Expelled?! Alex, are you kidding me? How could you even think about fighting a girl? You know how I expect you to behave, and this," he said shaking the notice, "is not it!" Reading it over again, his eyes widened. "You knocked her out? Alex what exactly happened to make you do this, especially on the second week of school? " "She called me a slut?" "Stop lying to me Alexia-Ann. You know what, just go to your room while I try to ask the school to let you just be suspended. There are no other high schools around here and we'd either have to move or I'd have to home school you." Yeah, I'll go to my room all right, it's not like that's some kind of punishment. Ever since my dad got his most recent job, we've been able to move into a house with four master bedrooms, six bathrooms, a full kitchen, living room, dinning room, deck, basement, and a hobby room. We also have 13 acres of land and an in ground swimming pool. I know, I'm a 'rich girl', but I'd be

perfectly fine with a house with two bedrooms one bathroom, a kitchen/dinning room, and a place to put the TV. Walking into my room, I got so sleepy as if the wicked witch of the west was trying to get me under a sleeping curse, or maybe I was just lazy. Too tired to care, I plopped down on my bed, curled up in a ball, and fell asleep.

By the time I woke up, it was 6:30 in the morning. Thanks to my alarm clock I woke up on my regular schedule. No doubt, my dad was just getting up too. He'll probably send me a text message after he has left to wake me up. I thought deciding to go back to sleep. I heard my dad walking towards the stairs leading to the kitchen on my side of the hall. I roughly got out of bed and turned my alarm off. "Don't you dare go back to sleep! Get up and get dressed! If you didn't realize, you're still being punished for what happened yesterday. It's a bright sunny Tuesday morning! What a great day for looking online for great boarding schools, eh?" "What! You're sending me to a boarding school? No, Dad, please can't you just home school me?" "I'm sorry Alex, but I don't have another choice right now.

The nearest school is in another town 18 miles away, and I don't think that the bus driver would like to ride out here every morning or that there is anyone over here attending that school. And no I cant home school you because if you've forgotten, I pay the bills around here, and to pay bills, you need a job that pays." After a moment of silence from me, Dad finally spoke, "Look kiddo, I don't WANT to send you to a boarding school, but that's the only choice we have. I'm sorry. Now, get up, get dressed, and get your laptop. I told the office I'll be in at 8:30 and we only have 2 hours. If you're not in school soon they'll arrest me!" I could have laughed at that, but I didn't feel up to it.

"Alright," I said looking at the home screen of the search engine Google, "what should I type in", I asked my dad, sitting on the couch across from me. "How about, 'boarding schools near Wisconsin'?" After typing it in, my computer displayed a series of links to military schools in Wisconsin. After clicking to the next page, I found a site link for a place called Wakelard Academy. "Did you find anything, Dad?" "No, just a bunch of military schools. I don't suppose

you'd like to go to a military school." "No, Dad", I said nonchalantly. "I didn't think so. Did you find anything?" "Well, I think I did. There's this school called Wakelard Academy, I just don't know if they got the address right. It says that it right on the edge on the state borderline. That's about 53 miles from here." "What's the big deal? Find somewhere to send in an application!" "It's just that I never knew we had a boarding school that close, but I guess I'm over excited."

Chapter 2

My 'fiance', his hot brother, and the man who's trying to kill me...no biggie 3

Chapter: Three

"Bye, Dad. I'm gonna miss you!" "I know kiddo, but don't worry I'll see you every weekend. I love you, Alex," he said opening his arms to a hug. "'Love you too, Dad." "Now go before you're late. I mean you can't be anymore late than a day and three weeks, but you know what I mean." "Oh, Dad, I'm gonna miss you," I said sneaking one last kiss and hug. Letting go of him felt like a fat kid letting go of a Twinkie, only one hundred times worse. He walked out of my room after helping me unpack and hang my clothes in my closet. After her left, I got bored and roamed around my dorm. Nice, I've got three

roommates. I can't wait to meet them. Telling by the way they have their rooms set one is either Goth or just seriously depressed, the other seems like she'd been in the normal group at my school, and the last seems like she'd be one of the "populars". I don't know why, but the things in her room give off a hint that she'd be the most active. Whatever, they had just better not be bitches like Belinda. Since it would be about eighth period, I ignored what my dad said and just looked at my roommates things. What can I say? I'm a nosy person. All of my roommates must be obsessed with a group of boys because they all have pictures of the same three. It seems they do have similar matches though. The Goth likes a guy that goes perfectly with her, in the pictures she has of him he has a nose ring and apparently always spikes his golden brown hair. His skin looks as if he's from California. This guy would be a babe if he wore normal clothes and kept his hair in a messed up bed head type of look. The "normie" has an exact match too. The pictures she has spread across her room are of a boy not too handsome, but not ugly at all. I know it's not much of a perfect match type since don't

know either of them, but it seems like it. Moving on to the next room I thought it was obvious that this girl was left with the boy that was okay, but not "her type". Well I stand corrected. The boy was gorgeous, how could a girl not want him? All of the pictures he's in show him doing various activities. In one, he was playing football, in another, he was blocking the ball from going into a soccer goal, and another, he stood there ready to swing the baseball with his bat. His face could win him cutest baby of the year. You know, in a teenage type of stage. His head was covered in curly brown hair that had a strip that fell between his gray eyes. His eyes where weird, but his skin made them complement him. He could give Nick Jonas a run for his money, and possibly fans. It's unbelievable the matches you'll see in your lifetime. As I walked to my room, I gathered up the explanation that they knew a scientist that made a boyfriend for each of them with personality that could make them clones. I was just about to get to the point where the evil scientist says "Pull the lever" when the door busted open with three voices laugh uncontrollably. That's when it hit me. The pictures of

the boys weren't the girl's clones; they were the "girls". Running to my door, I snatched the knob and twisted it fiercely. Throwing the door open their voices went from hysterical laughing to nothing at all, just a hushed silence. I saw them staring at me wide eyed. Shit. I closed the door as fiercely as I had twisted the knob. Guys? They're guys? But wouldn't the head master put me with the girls? Why would I be roomed with boys? If there weren't any more spaces for girls then-. This-this is an all boy school! Then why would I get accepted? Oh, God, it's too late to turn back now. Opening the door I found them still looking at my door wide eyed and mumbling to themselves. As I walked out I followed their eyes looking me up and down. What a nice day to pick short shorts and a tank top, huh? I quickly grabbed my left shoulder with my right hand and stared at the ground. Not knowing what to say, I hesitantly walked to the couch and sat next to the Goth boy. They all twisted their heads to see what I would do next. Mother always said, "If you've got an audience, there's no shame in entertaining them". "Um, hi. I'm Alex Preen", I said all while looking at the floor. They

replied with their name too. Based how far and close they were the normies name was Erin, and the gorgeous one's name was Devin. As I expected, Goth kid wouldn't share his name with me even if I threatened to kill him. "His name's Dylon," Devin said, I felt the wind as Dylon whipped his head around to glare at Devin. "Well if you don't mind me, I think I'll just break the awkwardness because I don't like to waste my life staring at the floor." I heard a jumble of mixed responses in agreement with me. Getting up, I stared back down at Dylon with curiosity. "How come you don't talk? Are you practicing to become a mime or something?" Looking at Devin and Erin for help, they just stared back with worried glances. It rather scared me. Then Dylon turned his head, without a word, the boys left. I felt like I was in a scene from the movie The Godfather. Trying to be as nonchalant as I could, I turned and left too. Not thinking to close the door I walked into my room and into the closet looking for my slippers to wear as I planned to explore the academy. I dug my hand deep into my drawer and felt the plastic top. Pulling them out I backed out of my closet and

turned around to see Dylon sitting on my bed. Embarrassed I blushed; I hope he was looking at my butt. My blush went away as my cheeks went cold from the icy look he stared at me with. "Yes?" "Don't you know who I am?" "Hey! You talked! You'll never get passed Mime College like that!" "Look girl, you obviously don't know how much power I have. How short my nerves are. And you absolutely don't know how good my crew can clean up the job." "That sounds like a death threat if you ask me. I don't know if this is true, but I don't think that's gonna get you through college either." "Look bitch, if something happens to you, don't say I didn't warn you. That is, if you live.

I couldn't sleep that night. Seriously, who could sleep after someone tells you something like that? Getting a cup of water, I heard the three boys talking in Devin's room. Way to make a girl feel even more of an outcast. "Whaddya think we should do," I heard Erin say. "Well, I personally think we should wait until class tomorrow and see what the teachers' think of this situation," said Devin. Erin responded to him, "Well, how do we know what will happen? The odds

of having 1st period with her are slim." "Actually they're not. When you guys were getting ready for bed, I used my hacking system to get into the school database. I know all her periods and who will be in her class. I even got where they chose to place her in class. Tomorrow in first period, Dylon, She's gonna have to sit behind you." "Why not tell me the world will end too?" I had enough of their conversation. Tomorrow, I'll be everything he thinks I am.

Chapter 3

My 'fiance', his hot brother, and the man who's trying to kill me...no biggie 4

Chapter: Four

I woke up at 6:40 even though we wake up at 6:45 to speed up all the clocks in the dorm room. Getting ready to put on my act, I took a shower and got dressed. As I walked into Dylon's room, it was hard for me not to laugh. Putting on a straight face, I went over to his bed and starting slapping his head. "Wake up Dylon its 7:00!" He nearly jumped out of bed. He took one second to look at me fully dressed and started stripping his shirt from his body as he ran to the bathroom. I would have gladly enjoyed seeing him strip further had it not been for the fact that he made it to the bathroom. I heard the shower turn on

and low bump that indicated that he made his way into the shower. I held my head to the door trying to listen to anything he was saying. Then I shouted, "Hurry up, you've got three minutes". Giggling on the inside, I didn't hear or feel him approaching the door. "Three minutes my ass." He caught me off guard as he snatched me into the bathroom with him. Although it was completely foggy, I caught a glimpse of his bare body when the door opened. Dylon grabbed both my arms and picked me up above him then threw me down on the hard tile bathroom floor. At least that's what I thought I was before I felt the shower water beating down on my head, the setting purposely set to a wide, jolting spray, and the hot water soaking through my knee high skirt. I felt Dylon grab my hair and pull me up the wall of the shower. Feeling desperate, I cried out. "Dylon, stop, you're hurting me!" Oh God, not this again. I'm not just going to sit here and be a helpless victim. Not thinking at all I wrapped my legs around his stomach and gave the best squeeze I could. Instantly, Dylon let go of my hair and tried to pry my legs off him. Using this as an advantage, I jumped off him and ran

towards the door. I didn't make it far because he grabbed the back of my jacket and pulled me towards him. With our faces just inches away from each other, I figured, he was going to kiss me, surprisingly, I wanted him to. He didn't kiss me; he just stood there holding me back, until he moved. I couldn't believe it; Dylon had slapped me. Like those overreacting girls from a dramatic soap opera, I fell down. Determined not to give in, I kicked him where the sun don't shine. Hearing him back up, I got up as fast as I could. Making it out of the bathroom, I ran straight towards my bedroom and locked the door. I heard him grumble as he walked out of the bathroom then return to his room. Grabbing new clothes, I changed, and then went to expect my face. Although he didn't give me a bruise or anything, I did have a bloody lip. I can't believe he would hit me like that! What could have caused him to know that he wasn't late? Walking into the bathroom, I saw nothing that could hint what time it was. Making my way over I saw a piece of glass held up by four rubber stoppers with a screen face. It was an electronic weight. And of course it was automatic, so it had the date and time

on it. Damn it! A perfectly good plan ruined by a stupid weight. That clocked blinked 7:46 and I knew any time now Erin and Devin would be waking up. Bored, I made breakfast for three of eggs and toast. I wouldn't let what happened in the bathroom haunt me. I was brave and if I want to bother Dylon again, I will. As Dylon walked out of his room looking like his usual self, I saw him glaring at me. Testing him, I brought the fork full of eggs to my mouth and chewed all while looking at him. He opened his mouth to speak when I heard Devin come in. I narrowed my eyes in a way saying, "Do something, I dare you to". After a minute of silence, I realized Devin stood there watching us along with Erin. Humph, I wonder when he got there. Breaking the silence, I said to them, "I made you guys breakfast just in case you wanted it." "Thanks," Devin said ", but there are only three plates." "Yeah, what else do you expect? I mean one for me, you, and Erin." Opening his mouth, Dylon stopped Devin from going any further. "Don't worry Devin; I would eat shit before I ate any food she cooked. Actually, I don't think there'd be any difference. They both would

taste the same." Oblivious to the fact that he beat me in the shower not even ten minutes ago I walked towards him. If it had not been for Erin holding me back, I would have punched that retard harder than I did Belinda. "You don't know what you're getting yourself into. You obviously don't know that he could really hurt you, too," he whispered in my ear. I let my shoulders relax even though I was still incensed. Twisting my shoulders, I made Erin drop his hands as I walked off to my room. I listened to my iPod for the remaining ten minuets. Somewhere between Madonna's featuring Justin Timberlakes' Four Minutes and Flo Rida's Right Round, I got completely relaxed and forgot what happened. I was fully engrossed in my music and its lyrics, when I heard Erin knock on the door. "C'mon Alex, its 7:00, and were gonna be late." Now, that I can believe. Jumping up from my bed, I grabbed my shoulder bag filled with books and unplugged one headphone from my ear. I checked myself out in the mirror. You never want to make a bad first impression. Although I was looking forward to getting my uniform, it hadn't arrived yet. Heading out the door, I saw Devin and

Erin waiting impatiently for me. What can I say? I was their lovely guest. Dylon must already left because we didn't wait up for him and I'm happy about it. Looking at my schedule, I asked Devin if he knew where my first class was, but all he did was stare at me. I understood that I was probably the only girl he'd seen in a while and I would have been flattered, but I was not in the mood after my rough start this morning. "Hellooo?" "Oh, yeah, right. Um, your class is two doors down on your left." "Thanks! I'll see you guy's later, 'kay?" "Yup, bye," they said in unison. I walked off before they started fighting over who owes the other a soda. Here it is, Room 300, Mr. Sharp.

Chapter 4

My 'fiance', his hot brother, and the man who's trying to kill me...no biggie 5

Chapter: Five

I kept my head down as I walked in. It made no difference though; I could feel all of their eyes boreing into the back of my head. Looking up out of the corner of my eye, I saw one seat left, next to Dylon. Of course, lucky me. I took my seat, and pulled out my book, a pen, and my notebook. The day I checked in, the secretary was so absorbed in the TV he didn't even look up. He pointed to where he piled my schedule, and room key, and then told me what room I was assigned in. Looking back in retrospect, I guess that means I'll get my books when I get my uniform, Peeking up around the room, I saw that I

wasn't the last one here; the teacher hadn't come yet. "Hey, baby. Wanna catch a movie this weekend." I looked to my right and found a boy staring at me. Oh, baby! There's no way, but he was even cuter than Devin was. He looked like he was 17. He had the blondest hair I have even seen it looked just about white. His eyes where giant, blue half circles. They looked exactly like a Japanese anime character. He had tanned skin that went perfectly with his white-blonde hair. The best turn on about him was that he had full lush lips. They were exactly the type I wanted, as would any girl. Now, I going to own them. As I opened my mouth to say accept his offer, I found a different voice speaking out. "Back off, Jonah, she's mine." This seemed to scare him because he took off like a wild Banshee. "What the hell was that? The only guy that wouldn't stare at me, but brave enough to say something, and you scare him off." "I did it for your own good." "MY OWN GOOD," I whispered loudly, "WHAT GOOD COULD HAVE COME FROM THAT." "YOU GETTING KNOCKED-UP AFTER YOUR FIRST DATE. OR, WOULD YOU HAVE LIKE THAT? Jonah plays the same act on every girl he meets

outside of the school. he takes them out for a movie, then he sneaks them back to his place, drives them home, and never speaks to them again." "I would have at least liked to become his friend!" "Ha. He doesn't keep much of those for long." I had no comeback to that. I didn't know Jonah, so I had no other choice, but to trust what he said. "And, I have a boyfriend anyways", I lied, "so I am not 'yours'." "You have no boyfriend, at least not in here. And, you are mine. Since you can't seem to control your actions, I guess I have to watch over you." With that he turned back around in his seat, grabbed his stuff and left. No one walks away from me like that! I hastily packed my bag again and left stomping after him. He made it to the elevator before I caught up with him. "Look, buddy," I said poking him", I don't know what your problem is, but you'd better fix it up. I did not come to this school to be given another father. I can take care of my own self." "Is that why you got expelled from your other school? Because you were taking care of yourself?" How did he know I was expelled? "As a matter of fact, it is. I fought some girl, need I say I won, because her boyfriend wanted me. Now, if

that's not taking care of your own self I don't know what is!" "Then you've got a lot to learn." He said holding up two keys, "One lesson is, how to keep your keys in your pocket, not on the ground." Feeling around my pockets, I realized that he had my key. "That's not mine, jerk," I lied. "Oh? So then there must be a boy in the school who writes 'heart' Alex 'heart' on their key." I found myself speechless. "Yup," he said jumping into the elevator, "that's what I thought". And the door closed.

I know this chapter wasn't all that long, but i just finished the next chapter and its about 4 pages so just wait!! It'll be up tomorrow because my mom is kicking me off the computer =[but comment and rate =]]

Chapter 5

My 'fiance', his hot brother, and the man who's trying to kill me...no biggie 6

Chapter: six

Authors Note: Okay guys, I don't really like the story switching to a different characters point of view, but I guess I'm going to do it in this story between Alex,

Dylon, and a mystery man. That's it, okay? None of this 'non-important people get to say want they feel because I'm the author and I want them to'! So, enjoy! =]

Dylon

That felt great. I stuck it to the man. Well, I guess woman since I am The Man. Alex is never going to

listen. After what happened this morning, I'd be afraid of me! The elevator light blinked three times before stopping on the fourth floor. Who could possibly be going on an elevator going up when first period just began? Well, besides me of course. I stood in the middle of the elevator waiting to see who would possibly rebel to the rules in my school. As the door slide open, I saw the outline of her curves before I saw her face. Not Alex again! "What are you doing?" "What do you think Dylon? You insulted me then took my key....I'm here to annoy you until I get it back." "Take it," I said tossing it to her. I' do anything to keep her away from me. "Ha," she said catching it, "like that's gonna keep me from annoying you still." "No," I said grabbing her key and dropping it on the ground", but maybe this will." I kicked her key through the space between the elevator and the building floor; I then pushed out and on the ground. I closed the door and rode up to the eighth floor. It's only four more floors she'll have to walk up. She'll be fine. Until, she comes to the door that is. Swiping the key across te scanner, I walked in and her French Vanilla scent literally hit me. Great, now the dorm

smells like a girl. I played along; I was shocked and surprised when I saw her, I treated her as I would the queen of England, and I kept her out of trouble. What more do I need to do to-. "Let me in, Dylon."

Alex

"You can't lock me out of my own room, Dylon," I said pounding on the door. "Open the damn door!" Wait why do I want to come in anyways? I don't want to be alone with his psycho ass! I need to go to class. I finished the thought as soon as he snatched me from outside the door. Pushing me up against the wall next to the door he whispered, "What the hell are you doing? Are you trying to get in trouble? If the dorm inspector hears you, you could get in major trouble." A crooked smile slid its way across his face. "Actually, you know what? You can carry on doing that," he said then pushed me outside the door again. "Stop pushing me, dumbass!" What am I going to do? Sliding down the hallway wall, crossed my legs and pulled my book out from my shoulder bag. I opened it, and then reconsidered. I might as well take this chance to explore the school. I walked down the hall

to the elevator. As I waited for it to come, my eyes wandered around the room. I looked down the hallway to my right then the left and stopped. A huge tree was standing at the end of the hallway. Yeah, a random tree out of nowhere, that's a believable place to hid something. Breathing a laugh, I strolled down the hallway. I picked up the plant and gently moved it to the side. I uncovered a door with a stay out sign on it. A stay out sign is a welcome mat to me. I assumed it was locked and as I gently twisted it, I found myself right. Looking at the door knob I saw a keyhole. I bent down and felt underneath the door. Hey, you never know! People always hide their keys in the most obvious places. Humph, I was wrong. Taking a long look around it saw no other places where someone could hide a key. It wasn't even in the tree! A brilliant idea hit me; my bobby pins! Taking one from the end of my bump, I bent one side backwards making it a straight line. Nervousness over took me. Bringing the booby pin to the door I saw my hands shake frenziedly. After twisting and turning it, I heard a faint click. I stood there astonished, just looking at the knob. I slowly pulled

up. My back felt as if I had been leaning down for ages. Why the hell am I so nervous? I'm Alex Preen i ednt get nervous! I gently turned the knob and walked in. A wave apprehension flowed over me sending a chill down my back. I felt a voice in the back of my head tell me to turn around and just go back to class, but being so rebellious, I ignored the thought and carried on. I felt the wall for a switch before I closed the door. I flicked the nearest one up and waited for the lights to flicker on. I involuntarily let go of the door in surprise. The room was filled with art. No, I don't mean like birds flying into a sunset or a portrait of a flower. I mean men hanging from crosses, women and children reaching out, their bodies burned from the fire circling around them, and families being hung from trees. It was horrible. The way the artist captured every crease in their face, the way he painted their demented bodies limp and crumbled. It was a disturbing sight. On the ceiling of the room, there was a truly jaw dropping sight; it was painted from end to end with panels, almost like a comic book. In one scene, a girl with blonde hair and green eyes was smiling with a daisy

rested on her ear. In the next, you could see two teenagers kissing from a side view. I noticed the blonde flowing hair and the flower and realized it was the same girl. The boy in the painting had his head tilted to the other side of the girl. He wore clothing fit for a king. Although I couldn't see his face, I saw his dirty brown messy hair. I liked this one, for some reason, it felt like I knew the two people. In the next, the painting set-off the other two. There were two men dressed in red puffy shirts, black fitting pants, and helmets painted with angry, snarling dragons wrapping around them. Their helmets where pulled up over their forehead, showing men with dark paint under their eyes and red paint from their temples to their noses. The men looked almost as threatening as the dragons where. The saddest thing in the painting was that the girl was in it. She was reaching out with wide eyes and blood across her cheek, the men carrying her out. Who was she reaching to? The- the boy? She was reaching towards the boy? Looking to the next row for more understanding, I saw the image of burning houses with people jumping out of them. In the corner of the

panel I saw a similar picture of women and children being burned alive. In the corner across, I saw families being hung from crosses, too, like in the other painting. The realization of the moment practically slapped me across the face. The artist wasn't painting the horrific paintings for the fun of it. He was painting it from the anger of his memory. In the next section he painted, the girl was lying down on her knees being pulled from left and right. The same men had tied ropes around each hand and were now pulling. The expression her face made it hard to keep looking. I slowly, but surely moved my gaze to the next painting. The girl seemed farther away, but you could now see hands and legs thrashing out. He was...being carried away? The next panel was blurry and sloppy, but I could make it out. The girls' arms had been torn off. The evil men fell to the ground. The only clear thing in the painting was the girls face. It looked ragged and excruciated. Her hair, tainted in her own blood, her lips, red from biting down too hard, trying to ease the pain. Even though it seems pointless, the worst thing I saw that was clear was that her flower was furrowed and

rutted. The last panel was black. Just plain black. I understood now, almost. The two teenagers were dating when warriors came and destroyed the town, taking only the most valuable people as prisoners. The warriors killed all the rest who were counted as extras. The warriors made sure none were sparred. They most have taken the girl out of the place they were hiding in. In desperate attempt of saving the girl, the boy only got close enough to see her be torn apart. How depressing. Leaning my head back down, I saw a door that leaded into another room. I slowly walked to the door and twisted the knob, bringing the door open with a high screech.

Chapter 6

My 'fiance', his hot brother, and the man who's trying to kill me...no biggie 7

Before I could look into the room, I heard loud footsteps walking across the tile floor outside, near the elevator. Gasping, I silently ran across the room and switched the light off. I took a couple of steps back making sure that I didn't bump into any of the isles. Looking through a small crack from the window to the sign I saw Dylon looking straight at the door. If I hadn't concentrated on being silent, I would have let out a small scream. Stepping back slightly, I slid my foot on the floor making it squeak. Swearing inwardly, I stood there, frozen in time like a statue. He kept staring at the door with curious eyes. Finally, he moved. Sliding his foot across the

floor, he came towards me. No, no, no, no, no! If I was going to be caught I might as well fake like I fainted or something. I bent my knees getting ready to lie on the floor, but never fully did. As soon as he reached for the handle, the elevator doors opened. He turned then sprinted down the hall just catching the elevator. I still didn't move though. When the doors closed, I exhaled. I didn't even realize I held my breath. Alex, Alex, Alex, how do you do it? You've managed to get out of yet another sticky situation. I walked quietly opened the door, moved the tree, then tried to lock it back with my bobby pin. I had no luck whatsoever. Oh well, like they'll ever know. I placed the tree back in the spot I took it from. I called the elevator up and waited. It didn't take long, the elevator doors opened within seconds. To my surprise Dylon was there. My mouth hung open and I just stared at him. He smiled for a second, wiped it away, and then narrowed his eyes. After I couple more seconds, he broke the silence. "What the hell are you staring at?" "Nothing," I said and walked in the elevator with him. Alex! What are you doing? You're walking into a solid room with no camera's,

that's completely sealed until we reach a certain floor. Don't even think about that overhead opening. You can barely- "You wanna push a button or should we just stand here waiting." I nearly jumped at his voice. "What, oh yeah, sure" I leaned over and pressed ground. As we arrived, I suddenly felt stupid. Why did I come here anyways? To avoid embarrassment, I got out and made my way down the hallway. I looked in my bag for my phone and checked the time, almost 6th period. It would almost be time for lunch in a bit. Great, I could hide in the bathroom until lunch, and then start my classes from there. Do they even have bathrooms for girls? My question was left unanswered only to be replaced with another. My phone buzzed because of a text message. It read, "The door was locked for a reason." I stared at it for a minute then looked back to the elevator. No one was there, though I felt like I was being watched. It was probably Dylon trying to get to scare. I quickly wrote back, "Bck off ya tard." "Message sent using invalid number of digits. Please resend using 10 digit numbers or valid short code. Msg. 2114." What? I used the same number. That's

just weird. I ignored it and stood against a corner waiting for the lunch bell. I waited almost 10 minuets before it rang. As the crowd of hungry teens came stampeding out of the class rooms, I slipped my sweatshirt hood over my head, tucked in my hair and walked into the flowing crowd of boys. I barely made it out alive. There were boy grabbing me from behind and pushing me backwards. Some bumped into me, others walked behind me stepping off my shoes, and others stuck their foot underneath mine, tripping me. The cruel boys all laughed a "Newbie". I finally followed the flow to the cafeteria. I somehow managed to get close to the front. Entering the lunchroom I jogged to the table farthest away. It was away from all of the boys streaming in and away from the center. If I didn't learn anything in my years of cafeteria lunches then at least I learned that the "populars" sat in the center. Stepping closer to the table, I picked the seat in the corner of the room. No light showed there; it was just what I was aiming for. I sat down, piling my bag on the table. I felt through it before coming across my book. I couldn't read it though; my mind was too busy wondering about the

paintings. I put my book away and pulled out a pen and my notebook. I sat there for fifteen minuets redrawing the girls' face I saw. It was actually good; I did always have artistic skills. I was working my way through the flower in her hair before I was rudely interrupted. Someone came in front of me and snatched the book out of my hands. "What do we have here?" I shook my head not looking up. I didn't want him to hear my voice or see my face because he might realize I was a girl. "Hey guys! The Newbie doesn't talk! Ha! What are you mute or stupid?" His friends laughed loudly. I shook my head. I swear, if this freak doesn't back down I-I don't know what I'll do, but its going to hurt him. "Hey guys, he draws, too." Nice, he was attracting a crowd. I stood up to leave, but he grabbed my shoulder and shoved me back down. "I'm not done with you yet, Newbie. Tell me who this is." I shrugged still looking down. "Don't make me ask twice, little boy." I had to say something; the crowd was getting bigger by the second. "She's my girl," I said using an obviously fake voice. "Your girl?" He laughed, too stupid to take notice of my voice. "What babe would ever fall for a

loser like you?" Now, he was going too far. I might not be a boy, but if I was, I'd probably get more girls than him. Maybe. "Your Mom." The crowd burst into laughter reminding me of the Darren incident. "What did you say?" "I...said...that...I... could get.....with...your...mother," I said slow enough so that he could comprehend. "You mother fu-" "Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey! C'mon now! Do you kiss your mother with that mouth of yours? Oh wait, no...I do." I know I shouldn't have, but I couldn't resist. The crowd ohhhed like we were on Yo Mama. "You're asking for it, shrimp." "Actually, no I'm not, but your mom was." The crowd went hysterical. Exploding with rage, he slammed the book down on the table. Grabbing it from the end, he slid it across the floor giving him more access to me. I looked up through my eyelashes. He was coming straight at me with blood-shot eyes, and a tight, squeezed face. He rather reminded me of the Hulk. I was ready for him. I can take this guy down with BOTH hands tied behind my back. One simple kick will do it, actually. I tightened my hood strings and looked up.

Chapter 7

My 'fiance', his hot brother, and the man who's trying to kill me...no biggie 8

Chapter: eight

He grabbed me and shoved my back against the wall. I could hear the others shouting "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!" he let go of my shoulders and leaned back ready to hit me. I advantage of the space and time between us and delivered a series of hits in the center of his chest. I could feel the wind being knocked out of him with every blow. The crowd grew fainter the more in the moment I became. I couldn't tell if it was the crowd growing hushed or me blocking them out. Every move he tried to hit me with I rejected it and allowed my own to hit him. I was a brown belt in Tae Kwan Doe, but I only used it

when dealing with guys like him. I backed up off him, letting him get some air. When my back hit the fall, I charged, I jumped up and did a kick spin to the side of his face. He fell to the ground as hard as a rock. Afraid I had killed him; I bent over and checked his neck with my fingers for a pulse. He was only knocked out. Dang girl twice in two weeks, you're unstoppable. Smiling intently, I got up and looked around. I picked up my bag from where it had fallen on the ground and looked for my notebook. I walked towards a group of boys and they scrambled out of the way. Sweating, I wiped my hand across my forehead. I stopped instantly, reaching up slowly, I felt around, but didn't feel my hood. I quickly packed my notebook back in my shoulder bag and said still faking my voice, "I-I forgot to cut my hair." Someone in the back sang loud enough for everyone to hear, "Dude, looks like a lady!" I sprinted out of the cafeteria. When I reached the elevator I thought it over, and decided to take the stairs. As soon as I opened the door I found a room key decorated with a glittered stick on. When I picked it I found a note under it. "I figured you'll be needing this." There

wasn't a signature, but I knew who it was from. He was unbelievable. I sprinted up the stairs, my heart pumping hard. By the time I reached the eighth floor, my heart was pounding against my chest so hard; it felt as if it could rip out of my skin any second. I opened the door and made my way to my room. I opened the door with my brand new key and walked in. Dylon was waiting there on the couch, staring into the fire. I walked around behind him. "Thanks for the new key." "Whatever." "Hey, could I ask you something." "Whatever." "Do you have a phone?" he smiled, but replied, "No, I think they're overrated." It was weird, but I dropped the subject with a slow nod and a disbelieving look on my lips. I walked to my room and grabbed a pair of shorts and a tank top then took a shower and put them on. I walked to Erin's room and pulled out a pair of pants. Holding them to my waist, they looked as if they would fit if I pulled them over my stomach and tied a belt around it. Walking into Devin's room I grabbed a shirt and tried it on. It was a little long, but they'll never know if I roll up the sleeves and wear a jacket over it. None of the jackets in his closet fit me. I sighed and walked

into Dylon's room. He was sitting on his bed, now, reading. I walked over to his closet and searched for a jacket. He bolted up right and asked, "What are you doing?" "Looking for a jacket, duh!" "Why do you need mine? Get your own clothes." "Well, if I'm gonna blend in, then maybe should wear the dress code," I said still looking through his closet. He grabbed my arm, pulled me away from his closet, and dragged me to his drawer. I tried prying away his fingers from my arm, but it made no difference; his hands didn't budge. I decided to wait patiently as he moved his things around. When he moved his clothes from one side to the other I saw a large knife gleam against the light from his lamp. My breathing quickened then slowed down. Ha. Who wouldn't keep a knife in their drawer? You know for protection. Right? He pulled out a jacket and threw it at me. "Happy?" "Thanks," I said wondering why he was being so nice. "Are you alright?" "Yes! Now get the hell out of my room!" "That's what I like hear." I slipped on the clothes, made the adjustments, and checked it out in the mirror. Not too shabby for a half-ass job. I walked, grabbed my books, and out

into the living room. As soon as I walked out, I saw Dylon leave. I hurried along, grabbed someone's hat, put it on, then waited. I would wait until I heard him stop walking. His footsteps died as he walked further down the hallway to the elevator. I silently peeked my head out of the door. Dylon was checking around to see if anyone was watching. He looked back, but my head was already pulled back in. When I looked outside again, I saw the back of his swinging hand. Great, Alex, go ahead and attract more people to find some kids secret art room. I walked down the hall and stopped at the corner, pulling out my pocket mirror, I aimed it at the door to see Dylon walking in. When he closed the door, I snuck up to it and peered inside. He got down on the floor and put his hands behind his head. He laid there for at least 15 minuets looking at the artwork before he got up. He walked over to an empty isle, took a paintbrush and different color paint, and started painting. He was the artist? Dylon, my evil roommate, painted all of these paintings? He stood there working on the image for about twenty minuets before he moved again. He walked behind the isles before disappearing from

sight. I heard water rush and figured he was cleaning his brushes. A smile broke across my face when I saw his painting. There was a beautiful girl smiling. She had a small pudgy nose, thick, arched eyebrows, and big, brown, beautiful eyes. He drew me. Okay, that's really freaky, but also nice. The only difference is that the girl had flowing blonde hair, like the girl in the picture. Hold on, if he drew these pictures, then wouldn't he be the boy in the painting? He came back from around the isle and spotted me. I didn't waste time getting away. I raced down the hallway back to the dorm. I grabbed the key from my pocket and fumbled with it a few times before swiping it across the scanner. A light blinked red three times. I tried it again, still being denied. I now heard a door close and footsteps walking towards the corner. I tried it again, one last time and it allowed me in. I snatched the door open, but closed it silently. I ran to my room and pulled my book from out of my bag. The door opened and I heard Dylon walk in. I flopped across my bed, hastily pulling my hat off and threw my bag across the floor. I opened the book to a random page seconds before Dylon stormed in. I faked liked I was

shocked. "What," I yelled. "Were you following me?" I flicked my hand upwards indicating to look at the book. "Does it look like I was following you?" "Then why is your heart beating so fast?" How did he hear my heart so well? "Because you scared me, you jackass!" He narrowed his eyes walking off. How could a person have such a bad attitude? He gave the word "jerk" a whole new meaning.

Chapter 8

My 'fiance', his hot brother, and the man who's trying to kill me...no biggie 9

Chapter: Nine

After Dylon left, I felt a wave of tiredness overtake me. I changed back into my tank top and shorts then crawled onto my bed. I turned my fan on, pointed in my face, and then curled into a ball with no blanket. I slept soundly for about forty-five minutes until Erin and Devin come back. "Get the hell up, Alex," Devin screamed. "Trix are for kids," I whimpered half out of it. I sat up slowly, looking around the room. "What the hell was that all about?" "What? What did I do?" "Oh, so you must have forgotten about the beating you gave Tyler in the cafeteria." I stared at him for a minute before I remembered what happened. "Oh,

the jerk who stole my notebook? So, he needed a little ass-whooping." "Yeah, Alex we know, but that doesn't mean he's going to let it go. You're gonna get punished for what you did." "La-de-da. It's not like I've never been to the principals' office before." "No Alex, that's not what we meant", Erin said, then walked out of the room with Devin following him. I pondered on what they possibly could have meant, but stopped as I heard three voices whispering on the other side of my wall. I walked over to it and pressed my ear against the wall, straining to hear the low muffled voices. I didn't hear the beginning of the conversation, but I quickly caught on to what they were talking about. "He's gonna beat up her up, man! You gotta do something about it," I heard Devin say to Dylon. "Why should I? She's not my property." "Stop being a badass and help her out, Dylon. You know she can't take them all on at once." "First of all, Erin, don't you ever talk to me like that again. Second, I'm not helping her; she's full of surprises and can take care of her own self. And third, if you care so damn much, why don't you guys protect her?" "Dylon, you know we don't stand a chance against-" "Just forget it,

Erin. If he thinks she'll be fine then let him be the one to look like a jackass." I pushed myself from against the wall and just thought. Would he really just leave me there to fight Tyler and who ever else by myself? What happened to 'Since you can't seem to control your actions, I guess I have to watch over you'? Why wouldn't Erin and Devin stand up against them? More importantly, why were they asking Dylon for help? Before I could think about this any more, I got on my bed and slept until morning, exhausted from the mysteries and fights I got myself into on my first school day.

My alarm bleeped three times before it automatically changed to the school's radio station. "Goooooood morning students! It's time to rise and shine. Get up and wipe the sleep out of your eyes, now! That's what you get for waking up in Wakelard," he said before turning on the song 'Waking up in Vegas' by Katy Perry. I jumped up immediately; I love this song! I turned it up full blast, then went to brush my teeth and wash my face. My most of the toothpaste suds came spilling out of my mouth while I tried to sing along. I finished quickly then raced down the

hallway to the sleeping boys. Starting on the end, at Devin's door, I danced inside his room while screaming the lyrics in his ear until he woke up. I did this to Erin and Dylon too. Surprisingly, he got up and started mocking me, copying my dance moves. I glared and him while a crooked smile slid across his face. Way to kill the mood I thought and walked out door. I returned to my room and got dressed. I felt silly putting the overly large clothes on. After fixing my hair to fit in the hat, I walked out into the living room. We still had ten minutes until it was time to leave. Still uncertain of my clothes, I asked Erin if my outfit was believable. "Yeah, just unbutton the jacket." Looking down at my unbutton jacket, we both silently decided that boys don't have boobs so I just buttoned it again. I pulled out my cell phone and checked me time. "Okay, guys c'mon", I said walking towards the door. "Are you nervous", I heard Devin say behind me. "Um, no. Why would I be?" "....Ugh, no reason." We walked the rest of the way to the elevator without a conversation. Correction, they walked, I sort of strutted like a gangster. I pressed the down button and waited, turning towards the boys.

The looked at me, laughing inwardly. "What?" As soon as the words came out of my mouth the busted into laughter. "WHAT?" "If-haha-if you-haha." "Erin, just spit it out all ready!" He moved his hand in front of his face in desperate attempt to fix himself up. He failed miserably. "Devin, would you tell me what the hell you guys are laughing at?" "Erin is trying to say, if you were trying to walk like a boy, then you've got it all wrong. This is what you look like." He walked across the floor exaggerating the movement I was doing. He looked like he was trying to grab the back of his knee. "I DO NOT!" Thankfully the elevator got here. I stepped in and pressed the G. The boys walked in behind me limping backwards. "Will you pull yourselves together?" After a few more laughs, they eventually stopped and put on a serious face. "Okay so, I was thinking that maybe I could hide in the boys' bathroom until second period. That way, no one will know what I'm wearing since I kind of already made a scene yesterday." I looked at Dylon remembering yesterday in first period. "Sounds good to me." "Yep." "Whatever." "One question; where exactly is the bathroom?"

Okay guys, Alex and I need your help! (Don't i sound a little bit too much like Dora?) Alex is going to fall for a bad boy and I need you guys to help me figure out his name! I was thinking something like Jessy, Jamie, or Jayden. You guys pick which one or throw out some cool names. Thanks! =]

--L0VE PEACE AND G00D B00KS, J0RDANP0P678 <3

Chapter 9

My 'fiance', his hot brother, and the man who's trying to kill me...no biggie 10

--A.N.-- thanks for the support guys! i just wanted ya'll to know that every vote comment and new fan means the world to me. on chapter 11 i'll take your advice hunnii, but when i read your comment i was half way done with this and i'm just too lazy to fix it =]] So thanks and keep commenting

-love ya =]

Chapter: Ten

~~~FoRtY-fIvE mInUtEs LaTeR ~~~

I did it! I actually did it! I held my breath for forty-five minutes in the boys' bathroom! I should be in the
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Guinness Book of World Records! "Alex?" I nearly fell into the toilet when I heard the door open. Ugh, that's so disgusting I don't even want to think about it. "Relax Alex, it's only me." Oh, it was Erin. "Don't friggin' scare me like that again!" "Never mind that Alex we've got to go right now or you're going to be late. We can't cause a scene so we need to hurry! NOW!" I broke into a full sprint while trying to pull my times table out of the jacket pocket. Second period - room 206 - Mr. Blacken.

Riiiiggghhht here! I caught my breath before I opened the door. I knew I wasn't late because there were boys behind me. I strolled in trying not to attract attention to myself, but when I walked through the aisle; my shoe got caught behind one of the desks' legs. The desk screeched as I pull it forwards. I fell flat on my face with a thunderous pound. My classmates roared with laughter. What a wonderful first impression, eh? I was so embarrassed; I didn't know what to do. So, I got up and took a seat, carefully watching my feet to make sure I didn't trip again. After I put my book down, the teacher walked in. "Good morning class! We have a

new student today. His name is Alex Preen. Stand up, will you, Alex?" Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit. What am I supposed to do? I hesitated for a minute the stood. Then deepened my voice and said, "Um, hi. I'm Alex." I looked at Mr. Blacken for more guidance, but he waved his hand telling me to go on. What more am I supposed to say? "Um, I live here, in Wisconsin, and I like...to...play...football?" Uncomfortable, I sat back down and tried to act normal. Maybe if I stay cool, the attention will wear off. Biology went by quick since I zoned out and started drawing the anonymous the girl. I finished the drawing by giving her a name. In big, artful letters, I wrote Annabel. The name danced around my head and just seemed to fit her. Writing, Math, Art, and Reading went just as well. Boys spilt into the halls for the fifth time today, hustling to get to the lunchroom. Half way to the cafeteria, I felt an arm drape over shoulder leading me away from the crowd. Confused, I followed the direction I was being lead in. We stopped in front of the bathroom before I was rudely pushed in. I fell onto the tile floor, which stunk by the way, and was kicked in the center of my stomach. I

ended up on the far wall, faced down. "You didn't honestly think that I would let that little incident go, did you?" I groaned and flipped over to glare Tyler in his dark blue, puffy eye. "*F* you," I spat at him. "Oh trust me, you will." Tyler came over to me, and flipped me on my backside. Straddling himself around my waist, he began removing my jacket. I wouldn't let him take my shirt off, so finally he ripped it in half, split down the center. I began clawing at his face when he stared at my chest wide eyed, but he smacked me and held my arms behind my back with one hand. He tried to kiss me, but I turned my head so he could only see the side of my face. Then out of now where he growled. Wait, he growled? What is he trying to be like a werewolf or something, now? Oh, yeah sure! Go team Jacob. I knew he was weird, but seriously, come on! Frustrated, he used his free hand to turn my head back, and then crushed his lips on mine. He was pushing so hard I could swear my lips were going to be bruised. I tried kneeing him a few times, but he had his "protective gear" on so instead, I ended up prying him off with my legs. He caught my legs with

his then tucked them under, allowing me no escape. Whining, I squirmed under him and tried to flip him off, but he was as stubborn and heavy as a rock. Then the door opened and I heard a small gasp. Who ever it was, I couldn't see because Tyler had his face on mine still, was probably wondering if he should walk away or help me. I felt Tyler's body be thrown off me. Surprised and relieved that the boy made the right choice, I sat up and found Tyler knocked out with a bloody nose. I smiled. It wasn't because Tyler got "served" again; it was because of the long, shaggy, brown hair, the Spanish-tan face, with two kissable lips, and hazel eyes that leaned over his body checking his pulse. "Eh, he'll wake up in a few." Oh Sugar Honey Iced-Tea. That voice. It was like thousands of heaven sent angels talking at once: it was beautiful. He must have noticed me staring because he looked up slowly and cleared his throat. "Are you alright?" I opened my mouth to respond, but nothing came out. I coughed, and then tried again. "Um, yeah I'm fine now. Thanks." He got up and reached for my hand. I looked at it dumbfounded. "You're supposed to take it." He said. I grabbed his

hand as he pulled me up and started walking out the door. "Where are we going?" I asked. "Well", he said, "I kind of figured that you would to be hungry." "Hold on", I said letting his hand go, "I have to fix my hair." "Aren't you scared of being attacked by Tyler now?" I asked. "Trust me," he said with a distant look in his eyes, "he's more scared of me than I am him." I stared at him, looking for a translation. "Oh, I didn't catch your name." He said letting the matter drop. "Alex. Alex Preen and you are?" "Jayden Spencer." He smiled and I couldn't help but grin back. "Okay, JAYDEN", I said over exaggerating his name, "let's go." He laughed and a swarm of butterflies flew in my stomach. You know? I think I'm actually starting to like this kid.

Chapter 10

My 'fiance', his hot brother, and the man who's trying to kill me...no biggie 11

Chapter: Eleven

"So Jayden, tell me about yourself." I demanded. He smiled, opened his mouth, and then hesitated. "Well," he said, ", what do you want me to talk about?" "Um, tell me about your family."

He grimaced. "Well, I have a brother and both my parents live together. Is that enough?"

"What's your brother's name?"

"Dumbshit." He said in a serious tone.

I laughed. "He can't be that bad."

"Trust me when I tell you that he is. He goes around treating me like crap because my parents put it in their will that he gets the family fortune. Not a dime goes to me.

"That can't be true-" "Yet, it is." Someone interrupted me from behind. "Go away Dumbshit," Jayden said. "Shut up Asslick." I turned and saw Dylon behind me. Whoa, whoa, whoa. Dylon and Jayden - brothers?

I should have been surprised, but I was disgusted. I guess I could never have anything in this damned school without Dylon screwing with it. I couldn't even get a decent friend. "I should have guessed you'd be the one to befriend the first girl in this school," he said. Rolling my eyes in spoke for Jayden. "What the hell does it have to do with you?"

He gave me a look that said 'Watch your fucking mouth before I make it so you don't speak at all' then said, "Everything." He gripped my arm then pulled me towards him. "And watch how you fucking speak to me." I laughed inwardly. "Go to hell, Dumbshit." I had it coming and I knew it, but I didn't care. I waited patiently for him to slap me, kick me, punch me, or

whatever he'd intended to do, but he never did. Replacing the pain I thought I'd feel, two arms grabbed my waist from behind and pulled me backwards. I looked down and saw the thick, buff, tanned arms and immediately I knew they were Jayden's. He flung me to the other side of him gently, and then put me down. Pushing me towards the cafeteria doors, I looked back to a bright red skinned Dylon and did whatever I could think that would set him off. Showing off my manicured set of nails, I gave him the finger. I could have sworn he was fighting himself to not grab me and beat me to a pulp. That's just the way I like him.

"What the hell was that?" Jayden yelled in my ear. "What?" I said dumbfounded. "How do you know him?"

I frowned at him. "He's my roommate."

His eyes went wide and brows turned in. "Of course! How could he not see this? She, the one who dwells with the first son of the first son' second son, will be the one searched for, found by the second on the fifth century." He began pacing the floor smiling then

frowning. He whispered to himself, "...reincarnated from the spirit of the first sons' wife to be."

I reached for his arm and gripped it, digging my nails into his skin. Of course, he didn't mind it. "Jayden, Jayden what are you talking about?" He turned to me his face grim and dead. "Come with me."

Jayden led me to the elevator and up to what I assumed to be his room. He swiped his key-card and the flashed a lime green color.

HE opened the door, exposing what could be a duplicate of my dorm if it hadn't been so dirty. "Sit down", he ordered in a stern voice. If he hadn't looked so...fatherly looking, like he just got screwed over, then I would have refused, but instead I did as I was told and sat down on a pile of papers stacked on a chair. Jayden grabbed is hair in his fists and sat on a couch next to me. "I don't know if should tell you this, but I'm going to anyways because your bound to find out in the next week or two." He paused to see if I was okay with him telling me the 'secret' so I nodded indicating that I wanted him to go on. He took a deep breath and said, "Let me start from the beginning.

500 years ago, my grandfather was crowned 'the most powerful being in the world'. Many people were angry with his title whining about how God was most powerful, they were killed. Others were jealous and started to claim they were more powerful than God and my grandfather put together, they were also killed.

"My family did whatever they could to keep him 'on top'. Nicolai, a rich and also very powerful man once again claimed he alone could beat my grandfather in battle to claim the right of honor. Obviously, he disagreed to the challenge and ignored his vigorous insults. Alone with only his guards, he ordered the death of Nicolai. His guards set off in search of him. When they returned, my grandfather was found dead, not Nicolai.

"Over his stab wound that went through his heart and out his back was a note. 'If you do not find the one who holds the true power by the end of the fifth century, then we will know who is the most powerful being in the world.' The letter was signed 101392, but no one could understand what it meant or who it

was. We all knew it was from Nicolai, but we didn't know why it was signed with numbers."

I stared at him, confusion glazing over my pupils. "What does that have to do with me?" I asked. "I'm getting there," he replied. "200 years later, after extreme search for him and the meaning of the note, a young girl came to his guards saying, 'She, the one who dwells with the first son of the first son' second son, will be the one searched for, found by the second on the end of the fifth century. She will be reincarnated from the spirit of the first sons' wife to be.' The spirit being my grandma, who was left alone to raise her son by herself."

I looked at him, dumbfounded, was he joking? "Don't you see, Alex? You are the-"

An enormous gust of wind swept through the room which was frightening because there were no windows in the room we were in. I gave Jayden a traumatized look before he was gone. Correction, I was gone. My surrounding changed. The dirty, carpeted room turned into a cold, dim-lighted, empty room. "Hello, Alex." I was too shocked to scream, too

scared to move, so instead, I eyed the figure. It stalked up to me merrily and stepped into the light. "You didn't think I'd let him tell you our secret so soon did you?" Dylon asked.

About the Author

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